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An Excellent Sonnet :

OR,

The Swaines complaint, whose cruell doome,
It was to love hee knew not whom.
To the tune of, *Bodkins Galliard.*



You gentle Pimpes that on the Meadows play,
and oft relate the Loves of Shepherds young,
Come sit you downe, if that you please to stay,
now may you heare an uncutt passion song :
A Lad there is, and I am that poore growne,
That's fal'n in love, and cannot tell with whom.

Oh doe not smile at sorrow as a jest,
with others cares good natures moved be :
And I should wepe if you had my wretch,
then at my griefe how can you merry be :
Ah, where is tender pittie now become :
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

I that have oft the rarest features view'd,
and beauty in her best perfection sene,
I that have laugh't at them that love purst'd,
and ever free from such perfections bene,
Loe now at last so cruell is my doome,
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

My heart is full nigh bursting with desire,
yet cannot tell from whence these longings flow,
My brest doth burne, but she that light the fire,
I never saw, nor can I come to know :
So great a blisse my fortune keeps me from,
That though I dearly love, I know not whom.

Ere I had twice fourte Springs removed sene,
the force of beauty I began to probe,
And ere I nine yeres old had fully bene,
it taught me how to frame a sound of love,
And little thought I this day should have come,
Before that I to love had found out whom.

For on my chin the mossy downe you see,
and in my vaines well heated blood doth glow,
Of Summers I have sene twice thre times thre,
and fast my youthfull time away doth goe :
What much I feare, I aged shall become,
And still complaine, I love I know not whom.

Oh why had I a heart bestow'd on me,
to cherish deare affections so inclin'd,
Since I am so unpryde home to be,
no object for so true a love to find,
When I am dead it will be mist of some,
Yet now I live, I love I know not whom.

I to a thousand beauteous Pimpes am knowne,
a hundred Ladies favours doe I sweare,
I with as many halfe in love am growne,
yet none of them I find can be my deare,
He thinks I have a Spittelle yet to come,
Which makes me sing, I love I know not whom.

The second part, To the same tune.



There lieth no swaine doth stronger passion prove
 Narcissus-like did I affect my shade,
 For her, whom most he covets to possess,
 Some shadow yet I had to dote upon,
 Then doth my heart that being full of love,
 Did I love some Image of the dead,
 knowes not to whom it may the same profess,
 whose substance had not breathed long agoe,
 For he that is despis'd hath sorrow some,
 I might despair, and so an end would come,
 But he hath more, that loves, & knowes not whom.
 But oh I love, and cannot tell with whom.

Know I my Love, as many others doe,
 to some one object might my thoughts be bent,
 So they divided, wandring should not goe,
 untill the soules united force be spent,
 As he that seeks, and never findes a home,
 Such is my rest, that love, and know not whom.

Once in a dreame me thought my love I view'd,
 but never waking could her face behold,
 And doubtlesse that resemblance was but show'd,
 that more my tired heart torment it should.
 For since that time more griefe I am become,
 And more in love, I cannot tell with whom.

Those whom the frownes of jealous friends divide,
 may live to meet and desant of their woe,
 And he hath gain'd a Lady for his Bride,
 that durst not woe his Maide a while agoe:
 But oh what ends into my hopes can come,
 That am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

When on my bed at night to rest I lye,
 my watchfull eyes with teares beset my cheekes,
 And then, oh would it once were day I cry,
 yet when it comes I am as farr to seeke,
 For who can tell, though all the earth be rom'd,
 Or when or where, to finde he knowes not whom.

Howe Collin grieves that he was late disdain'd,
 and Clores doth for Willies absence pine,
 Had Thirches weepes for his sickle Phebe pain'd,
 but all their sorrowes cannot equall mine,
 A greater care on me, alas, is come,
 I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

Oh if she be amongst the beauteous traines,
 of all the Sumphe that haunt the severall Hills,
 Or if you know her Ladies of the plaine,
 or you that have your Bowers on the Hills,
 Tell, if you can, who will my love become,
 Or I shall die, and never know for whom.

Printed at London for J. Wright dwelling in Gilt-spurre street neere New-gate. FINIS.